

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

[NUMBER 17.]

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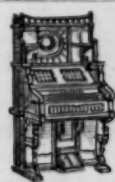
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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

[NUMBER 17.]

EDITORIAL.

**"The riches of sweet Mary's Son,
Boy-Rabbi, Israel's paragon."**

**"If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God;
the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty
of God, do enter into that man with justice."**

**"The history of Jesus is the history of every man,
written large."**

—Emerson.

WE can not pass by without a word the great treat offered to the cultured by the ten lectures on Dante, which we have noticed elsewhere in *UNITY*. Truly, we shall have high thinking in the midst of Christmas joys. We are also glad to learn that a reception will be tendered to the lecturers at the Art Institute, on the evening of Saturday, December 31, which will doubtless prove a most interesting occasion.

WITH "Peace on earth, good will to men," let the welkin ring, a sweet undertone singing its way through our hearts and into our lives. For Christmas is nothing if it mean not praise to God and love to man. In one of the liberal churches of this city, the Christmas season will be remembered in a truly Christmas spirit. All presents hung upon the tree are to be given to the poor little jail children, of whom there are many held in confinement awaiting trial, with nothing to lighten the dragging hours. Poor little waifs of humanity, God's poor! Truly, if "ye have done it unto the least of these my children, ye have done it unto me," and how many bare lives may not each one of us brighten in this glad Christmas time!

WE were interested to note that the Pundita Ramabai, on being questioned concerning her religious belief, confessed that in Boston they thought her a Unitarian, though she was not, nor a Trinitarian. Evidently the Pundita stands on that broad liberal ground which emphasizes not creeds nor dogmas, but simply noble living patterned after the pure life of Jesus of Nazareth. As she put it, Trinitarianism was not woven into the "convolutions of her brain in childhood," as Miss Willard declared was her case, and in the Bible she found not the word Trinitarian. Surely, this high caste Hindu woman has the clearness of conviction and earnestness of purpose which will make her labors for her unfortunate sisters over the sea of great moment to them and to her country.

HE would have enjoyed a unique entertainment, who should have spent the evening of December 15th at the club rooms of the Sherman House. There, under the auspices of the Illinois Woman's Press Association, was given a most interesting rendering of a musical programme, each number of which represented the musical compositions of women. They were largely those of "G. Estabrook," who composed all the numbers included in the term Ballade Recital. The original compositions for the piano were by Fraulein Adele Lewing, full of feeling, and well rendered by the artist herself, while several of the vocal numbers, notably "Adieu," "My Love is Coming," and a duet, "The Reconciliation," were enthusiastically encored; also a solo and chorus not down on the programme, and suggested to the composer by the recent victory for the woman suffragists in Wisconsin. It was

very spirited, and sentiment and music well fitted to each other. We understood from "G. Estabrook" that should a similar occasion present itself in the future, she hoped to make the programme broad enough to include the work of a number of women composers. We should say, Let the good work go on! Nothing so inspires excellent results as the wise encouragement of small but earnest beginnings. It is time women placed themselves creditably on record in this line of art here in our busy metropolis.

THE *Advance* strikes a good chord in the following: "The idea of proportionate giving is a matter which is arresting attention among Christian people. Is not the time coming when persons with comparatively large means will be found giving to the on-moving causes of Christian enterprises, not in the measures which betoken the narrow mind and the small heart, but in degrees of largeness of beneficence corresponding to their ability, 'as the Lord hath prospered them?' Within the past ten years there have been many shining tokens of Christian progress in this respect. All our great missionary societies are witnesses of this, as are also our Christian colleges all over the land. And yet it can not be denied that there is still a woful disparity between the sums lavished on selfish gratifications, in one form and another, and the amounts devoted to unselfish uses. Dribbling runnels of charity; flood-tides of luxury! But not always will it be so."

THE following noble words are found in the *Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*. In this age of skepticism, such words should be whispered in the ears of our young men, who, in their revolt from the irrational dogmas of the popular theology, are apt to lose sight of religion itself: "The church spires that we see pointing heavenward in the cities are not as gloomy as stone jails with grated windows. They invite to peace. The forbidden prisons tell of punishment and woe. Who can hear the strains of devotional music swelling within churches, and not feel that the worshiping men and women can not at least be harmed by such exercises, and that there is an overwhelming probability that they are saving themselves from perils? Think as you will of dogmas, but beware of a hostile attitude toward religion and those who associate themselves to proclaim and extend it. Such an attitude is not only unreasonable, but it is full of danger to yourself. It makes bad men claim fraternity with you on the score of the common scoff. Can you afford that?"

LAST Sunday night All Souls Church of this city was crowded to overflowing to listen to brief addresses on "The Debt of the World to Jesus," by Messrs. Salter, Gannett, Mangasarian, and the pastor of the church. Mr. Salter found in Jesus the heroic believer in absolute justice, the noble soul discontented with the present. In him was a burning zeal for better things. Mr. Gannett traced the forces that lifted the sandaled Jesus from the carpenter shop to the Calvary heights, and the still more sublime forces that lifted the Christ from the Calvary heights to the throne of the universe. He found in the human loyalty of the one man and the religious hunger and ideality of the million of men causes for profound gratitude and high Christmas joys. Mr. Mangasarian found in Jesus the ideal of the centuries personified, and the nobler enthusiasms of men directed to permanent ends. The meeting closed with the thought that it was Jesus who dared speak to the Samaritan woman, to commend the deed of another Samaritan, and that his name was the last element in the seething chemicals of the spirit that precipitated into organic

crystals the diverse elements of nations and races. Jesus is the name that spans the distances from the Ethical Culture Society to the Catholic church. It overarches continents and bridges the centuries. In view of this great debt of the world to Jesus we hail the Christmas time with merry greetings, knowing that in every reasonable attempt to do justice to Jesus we heighten our power of appreciating his kindred, of whom the annals of the race are rich. Jesus is really known only by him who knows others. Jesus stands not alone, but is one of many. So knowing him, we know his song of "Peace on Earth, good will to Men."

WE do not need to help Santa Claus; he is getting very intelligent in these days; but happy is the boy or girl that finds on Christmas morning Robert Collyer's brand new book, "Talks to Young Men" (with asides to young women); Edward Everett Hale's new book on the "Life of Washington Studied Anew," or his old book in its elegant new edition "In His Name," or the new compilations from Thoreau's Diary, entitled "Winter," recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The older ones will be glad of the one more volume of Edwin Arnold's poetry, "Lotus and Jewel," just out, or of the beautiful Lyrics from Browning, compiled, we understand, by Horace Scudder, published by the Houghton, Mifflin house, or the little parchment collection of poems by Edmund Rowland Sill, which will hold its place among the favorites, because it contains "The Fool's Prayer"—if all the others were valueless—not to forget the strangely fascinating story-embowered wisdom in the little book made by the pastor of the Third Unitarian church of this city with the help of his artistic parishioners, "Legends from Story Land."

MISS MARY E. BURT, in *The Intelligencer*, has an article on "Good Literature in the School-room," in which she not only gives her opinion on that subject, but also on written examinations. Miss Burt is the compiler of that admirable little book, "Seed Thoughts." She speaks right out of an experience of years—an experience in which she has not only put time, but life, thought, soul. She says a very large percentage of our children are compelled to leave school at ten to earn their living, without the ability to tell a good book from a bad one, and thoroughly infected with the examination fright—that cancer which is eating the vitality out of public schools." There is no question but that text-books, which should be made attractive and interesting to the children, are absolutely divested of most of their real helpfulness to the child's mental and moral progress by their association with "examination papers," and that the extreme nervousness of our children is in a large measure due to this school-room hobgoblin. We are told that our mothers were "born before nerves came in fashion." Aye! and they were born before "written examinations" became fashionable, too. I have in my mind the picture of two little ones who, under the strain of preparation for examination, had carried their books to bed with them. There they lay in the full light of the gas jet, the open books partially covering their pale, troubled faces, asleep only to dream of figures and failures. Said a friend at my side, "How I wish that picture could be put where it would teach its lesson!" Said another, "I've always been a strong advocate of our present school system, but this is a side of it I never dreamed of." Then, too, the strain on nerves, time and strength of the teacher! She must go carefully over all these papers, perfectly conscious, if she is a thoughtful woman, that they very imperfectly indicate the child's real attainments. She knows that thoughtful, conscientious Benny, in his nervous anxiety, has blundered all the way through, while rollicking, haphazard Tim, by "sheer good luck," has made his mark. And now for the result. Modest, self-deprecating Benny has lost all confidence in himself—he is discouraged and more or less disgusted, probably. Such a child's self-reliance is jeopardized by this process, while Tim has gained a cheap victory, and his life's aims and ambition are cheapened accordingly. Now, this is not mere theory, but the result of investigation and the

testimony of some of our very best teachers. How constantly are we reminded that we have to fall back on the country school house for our best public men! Now, why is this? Certainly not because culture is debilitating. But it is because this thing isn't culture. It is only text-book gymnastics. Says Miss Burt: "The first business of the public school ought to be to give a child a confirmed taste for good literature. If a child leaves school at twelve with a hunger for good books, he is started in the way of self-education." This is unquestionably true, and with the life of labor, which ought to keep a wholesome balance of the intellectual and the physical, this poor boy, with his mental digestion in vigorous active operation, will at thirty stand before the world every inch a man, while your boy who has been pushed on through the various grades—standing high in his markings all the way, graduating promisingly from the high school, and then from the university, disappoints all his friends—he has no taste for a profession, no adaptability to business. Why? Because he was *taught*, not *EDUCATED*.

S. C. LL. J.

If history repeats itself, it also apparently contradicts itself. Here have the papers been bubbling over, like a super-heated caldron, with ebullitions of wrath against our northern abuse of the negro on account of his color, and in the very midst of it all starts forth the anomaly of Thomas L. Johnson, the sable dish-washer, receiving tribute from a brilliant assemblage in Kinsley's banquet hall. The "why," which it is the duty of the latter-day philosopher to put to every unusual phenomenon, is in this case easily answered. While Thomas Johnson was first a slave and later a dish washer, he rose, and rose by rapid bounds to chief dish-washer, dining-room man, captain of the watch and head waiter. Then on to the missionary post in Colorado, to Spurgeon's College, London, and off to the dark continent as a missionary! Doubtless the white man, had he contented himself with only menial occupations, would now occupy the place of the colored race—providing, of course, the latter had fulfilled the duties now devolving upon his paler brother. The northern negro is at last well rid of his greatest dead weight, slavery, and will undoubtedly push forward in the future with constantly increasing strides. The colored race have in their make-up an element now absent from our civilization, which will in later years prove a valuable factor. And even now the people of the new Unitarian Temple church are showing us something of their grit. They have our Christmas greeting.

Some More Editorial Wanderings.

Again UNITY paragraphs have been dropping into the mail bag as the editor has been rolling around the country. Returning from the Michigan Conference (reported in our last) on Thursday, the 8th, on Friday, the 9th, he took the "cannon-ball" train for Philadelphia, finding hospitable shelter in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mangasarian, preaching next morning and evening from the platform of St. George's hall to large, earnest and fresh congregations. There is an elasticity about this independent movement, as in that of others of the kind, which suggests a constituency which belongs to Unitarian churches, which, must we not admit, from internal defects, we have not yet been able to reach. On Monday the senior editor gave his lecture on "Browning," before the New Century Club in the afternoon, and in Mr. Ames' church in the evening. On Tuesday he studied Philadelphia on those points which do most vitally touch the interests he has nearest at heart. The fraternity existing among the liberal churches of Philadelphia seems delightful. The three Unitarian churches of Philadelphia, the Camden church, the Independent Society at St. George's hall, with the patriarchal spirit of Dr. Furness, give five ministers who promptly respond to every call of co-operation.

Last Sunday a Round Robin exchange had been planned for, when every one preached in somebody else's pulpit; and it is intended to set the wheel going in this fashion once

every two months,—the results of which must be exceedingly gratifying. Tuesday gave time for a glimpse into the school-rooms of the Ethical Culture Society; the studio of S. H. Morse, whose beautiful head of Emerson the UNITY publishers have made available to western buyers; the Manual Training High School of Philadelphia, with its 300 boys, whose faces are illuminated with enthusiasm by the school, which to us seemed to be, all things considered, the most perfectly equipped and admirably managed institution of the kind we have ever visited. But the thing most interesting in Philadelphia to "ye editor" is the Children's Aid Society and Bureau of Information, which in five years' time has revolutionized the treatment of dependent children in the state of Pennsylvania, emptied the almshouses of the state of over 1,300 little ones, closed two "institutions" in the city of Philadelphia, and saved to the city thousands of dollars of money—all by following the divine method of "setting the solitary in families" as opposed to the human method of setting the solitary in "institutions." On Tuesday night we met a gathering of Mr. Mangasarian's people, and at midnight started for Boston. Thursday was Unity Club day at the Unitarian headquarters on Beacon street—the first of many institutes, we trust. Nearly forty different clubs and churches were represented. The addresses of Messrs. Hale, Cooke and Dole, and the papers of Messrs. Rich, Lyon and Spaulding, with the questionings and the answers intermingled, gave an impulse to thinking and studying activities of churches which we trust will justify the outlay of strength and time which the meeting involved. Thursday, 7 P. M., the editor started for Chicago, which he reached on Saturday morning in time for some communings with the genial and earnest Armenian, whose sincerity and eloquence charmed the six different audiences that were privileged to greet him, and in time to put the child-saving methods of Philadelphia into the last Sunday morning's sermon, and to find the accumulation of duties which conspire to impoverish these editorial columns, but not to dampen our holiday joys or to weaken our Christmas greetings.

Ideas of God.

"We See As We Are."

We see in God what we are in ourselves. We call ourselves finite, him infinite; but that which we think of as infinite for him is what exists as finite in ourselves. The difference to our minds is of degree rather than kind. At any given time, the God whom the nation worships is the reflex of its own highest conception of power and morality and intelligence. As man grows wiser and better, our image in the heavens takes on beauty.

It is so with things much less important than God's character and wisdom. Very long ago it was noticed that the Ethiopian gave his god a black face and woolly hair, while the Thracian gave his his own blue eyes and fair complexion. In our Christian art the Virgin's face betrays the nationality of the painter. Murillo makes her a Spanish peasant girl; Raphael, an Italian woman, with some Roman ruins in the background. The German artists made their angels round-faced fraus. Two or three hundred years ago a Dutchman wrote a book to prove that Dutch was the language of Paradise. But the old Epicureans thought that the gods probably spoke Greek; and Brigham Young said that English is God's language; and Swedenborg, with ear laid a little closer to the truth, reveals that the angels always seem to be talking in the tongue to which each listener was born. And thus it is throughout religion. If our idea of creation is mainly that of manufacture, then God is the great machinist, making and repairing his worlds; and anything but that will seem a little like "atheism." If our idea of providence be still that which the ancient Jew held, and very naturally held 2,500 years ago, then God is the arbitrary elector and pre-ordainer of a man's and a nation's destiny; and if one deny "special providence," and answers to petitions, he will seem to us a man with no religiousness. If our idea of divine goodness

and of justice be still that of Augustine's age, 1,500 years ago, then we can believe in the literal dogmas of transmitted guilt and transmitted propitiation and the fearful fate of unbelievers; and God will be the great merchant, then, bartering man's salvation for so much suffering paid over by another. Let one doubt the moral possibility of such a transaction and we shall tell him—at least, in this nineteenth century, dear friends tell us,—“You are not feeling the enormity of sin.”

This instantaneous creator, this special providence, this interposing God, this chosen nation, this supernatural deliverer and teacher, have had their place in the seeing of the past and really made men's joy and faith, because by these symbols their minds have best grasped the idea of God's life in nature and history. As men are, they see in nature and in history. To accept the theologic origin of the earth from the book of Genesis, is as if we should believe the nurse-girl's tale to the three-year-old boy about the origin of his little brother that has just been born into the home. The legends of the book of Genesis were noble science for their own day; they make a noble poem, but no science at all for our day. Or again, to judge of an historical question, like the "origin of Christianity," save from the standpoint of a somewhat wide study, is as if a man should lecture on the sun, knowing nothing of what the spectroscope and telescope have shown within the last thirty years. Very noble are the words of the New Testament; but he, again, who insists that their nobleness is utterly beyond parallel in other bibles, or that they are unmixed with intellectual error, or that they represent all moral ideals, or that the spiritual impulse Jesus and Paul gave to the Roman world, can not be explained except by miracle,—such a friend betrays his reverence, indeed, for his parents and his minister, but reverence rather than a sense of the greatness of the human mind and the wonder of the universe. He does not betray ripened knowledge. The vast good which a Jesus and a Bible do is to emphasize, and so to introduce, the better view. The harm which a Jesus and a Bible do is that the reverence for them keeps the old views prominent when it is time for farther change. That is not their fault, but ours. No,—hardly our "fault." Our fear of losing some vision that we know has been helpful, tends to make us disown the actually better vision that comes afresh to us, who have eighteen hundred years more of insight organized within us. It is true that one may not only rashly give up, but rashly lay hold of, the better thought; in which case it will not do him all its good. But the fact remains, that, with the broader reading of to-day into the long processes of man's development, the seeming exceptions disappear, and we are led on to grander glimpses of a God as uniform in history as in the operations of the rest of nature; led on to see that in accordance with great laws,—

“Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.”

This, the grander view, is the later one. Why? Because the earlier ages could not see the truth in it, man's eyes not then having acquired enough experience. As the light flows into our minds and shows us all phenomena in new relations, one by one the old ideas fade and vanish, not into nothingness,—we need never be afraid of that in regard to anything that has once been profound conviction of the world,—not into nothingness, but to give place to something *akin* to the old thought, which is truer than the old; and this in turn, no doubt, must suffer change into something better yet. Never think that you have got to the end of your thinking; never dream that there is not a truer and better yet than you ever thought.

And with that caution ever borne in mind, and openly avowed, it seems higher truthfulness to utter the best truth possible to our hour rather than to keep the shut lips in religion which some men prefer; higher truthfulness, for instance, to say of the One Almighty Force of the universe, “It is our Father,” rather than to call it “the Unknowable.” To that extent—its righteousness—it is not unknowable; the mystery lying not below, but above, all our ideas of human

personality and goodness, and life. God is all that we think and name, and infinitely more. I know we have our wonders over much in nature that looks heartless; I know we can not answer our own questions or another's about much in aches and tragedies in birth and life and death and history; I know that there is an easy-going "optimism" that is not the real "faith in goodness" so much as a real numbness to other people's pangs; I know that some of the very best men and women, those most sensitive to other's pangs, and whose life is a long self-sacrifice,—that some of these are among those most ready to confess their mental bewilderment over nature's seeming Calvinism. And yet I know, too, that tested by serenity in trial and by power of making others serene in trial, these very persons are often the very ones who make true Jesus' beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see—God!" Be pure, you see the pure,—for "you see as you are." Be the brotherly, you see the Fatherly and Motherly, for "you see as you are." Be loyal to the good, you can not help, deep in your being, seeing and trusting in that Good as source and end of all,—that is, seeing and trusting in what other men call "God;" for "you see as you are."

Trust that little spelling lesson of the five short words. It will spell us out life's deepest riddles finally. Let faith in it sustain us and make us brave if ever our minds feel compelled to give up cherished old beliefs and go wandering forth, at first not knowing what new shelter will take the place of the old homestead. It is often a great comfort when beset with religious doubts, or with the great life-darknesses of any kind, to remember that "we are seeing only as we are," and therefore that we never are seeing to the *bottom* of the fact; and that, meanwhile,

Our faiths are foolish by falling below,
Not coming above, what God will show;
That his commonest thing holds a wonder vast,
To whose beauty our eyes have never past;
God's fact, in the present, or in the to-be,
Outshines the best that we think we see.

W. C. G.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Discovery.

The flower I sought of early morn,
At home, in nooks of dew-strewn grass,
Another, coming travel-worn,
Had plucked upon the mountain pass.

Was the sweet secret his or mine?
I quarrel not that men have known
By other ways a glimpse divine
Of truths I deemed my garden's own.

HORACE L. TRAUBEL.

Widows in India and "the Ramabai Circle."

Although India is often vaguely thought of as inhabited by semi-civilized heathen or by negroes on a plane with African savages, it is in reality a country that has had a settled and highly organized civilization for at least two thousand years, and its people are of the same blood as the ruling nations of the world. They have progressed little in many centuries, it is true; but with their elaborate social and religious systems, their educated class, their venerable traditions, they can hardly be regarded as barbarians.

One of India's most harmful characteristics is its degradation of women. Hindu women are of two classes only, wives and widows, betrothals and marriages taking place in childhood. All women are considered inferior to men. They exist for men, and not for themselves; they hold no property, receive no education, have no power. A wife is literally her

husband's slave—of use only to bear his children and do his work. A widow is even worse off. From the moment of her husband's death she is a creature to be despised and tormented. Dressed always in the garb of disgrace, she can eat but one meal of coarse food a day and must fast two days every month, abstaining from drink as well as food. She can attend no merry-making, no household or religious festival. She can never marry again. In the eyes of the people a curse rests upon her, and they shrink from her look or touch. If the betrothed husband of a child dies before the marriage, she too is a widow until death. It is believed that in some previous state of existence she has murdered this betrothed husband, and that now as a punishment he is taken away from her. Therefore her parents and friends hold it a sacred duty to carry out the punishment which is for the purifying of her soul. She is shut away from her companions, made to fast and do the meanest work, allowed no recreation or pleasure, and in every possible way made to feel that she is, and must always be, an outcast, cursed by heaven and despised by men. If, as often happens, she is in the care of her husband's family, she is regarded with hate, as being the instrument of his death, and all the necessary miseries of her position are aggravated.

The widow has no chance of escape except by death. If she runs away from her home she can hold no property, and so throws herself upon the world penniless. By this action she loses caste, and being both an outcast and a widow, no one, however low his social position, will either hire her for any kind of work or receive her into his house. Formerly she was encouraged to sacrifice herself upon the funeral pyre of her husband, thus gaining the highest place in heaven for herself, and also enabling her husband's soul to ascend quickly to its rest.

Through the efforts of certain Hindus, and by the intervention of the English government at their request, this custom has been prohibited, and now the widow's only chance for escape by honorable self-sacrifice is to drown herself in one of the sacred rivers. That act, she is assured, will purchase exalted happiness for herself and her husband; and numbers of these unhappy women avail themselves of this mode of deliverance.

No doubt natural affection to some small extent lightens these terrible burdens of widowhood; but it is a system rooted in thousands of years of custom, and demanded by tradition, by public opinion, by law, and above all by religion.

From this nation comes one of its women, and a widow, the Pundita Ramabai, asking for sympathy and cooperation in her life-work, the elevation of women in India. With the exception of her cousin, she is the only Hindu woman who has ever come to this country; her presence is as novel as her message is thrilling. Her father, one of the educated priestly class, held the view that women should have the same educational rights as men, and in the face of bitter persecution educated his wife and two daughters. When Ramabai was growing into womanhood he died, and his wife and older daughter soon followed him. One brother was left, and with him Ramabai traveled through India, studying its customs and religion, and finally began to lecture. She became a member of a school of eclectic thinkers, called the Brahmo Somaj, the members of which, having given up the degraded popular form of their native religion, accept the good things in all religions and try to live true lives according to their own sense of right, and through them Ramabai was led to become a Christian. Her brother died, and then followed her marriage with a man of her own choice, an educated native lawyer. Two years later he too died, and soon after she went to England, where for two years she held the chair of Sanskrit in a Cheltenham College for women, and gained during that time complete command of the English language.

In March, 1886, she came to this country to be present at the graduation of her cousin, Dr. Anandibai Joshee, from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, and since that

* "The High Caste Hindu Woman," Philadelphia, 1887; 80. Price, \$1.25. Address the Pundita Ramabai, 1400 North 21st street, Philadelphia.

time she has visited various places in the United States, with the view of arousing interest in her work. Her cousin was to have been her helper; but death that has been such a fate to her has deprived her of this support, and now she stands among us entirely alone. She is a small, gentle woman of twenty-nine years, with erect head, sensitive mouth and chin, and a soft, well-managed voice. She speaks with perfect ease and self-possession, and her words bear witness to a fine culture, a broad mind, a keen reason, a clear sight, and a cool, indomitable courage and persistence that puts to shame our theories of woman's incapacity and Hindu inferiority.

Her object is the elevation of Hindu women through education, and chiefly by the Hindus themselves. Natives would have an intimate knowledge of the people's needs and of the most effective methods of work among them. Not having to contend against the prejudice and aversion felt toward all foreigners, especially the English, they could work with far less friction and waste. The mission work in general is sadly hampered by this prejudice, and the mission schools for girls have especial difficulties. Pupils are obtained with great difficulty, and even then are allowed to remain in school but two or three years, being withdrawn by their parents by the time they are ten years old. They are not permitted to study at home; and their life after marriage is such as to counteract and obliterate whatever good they may have received during their short school days.

In view of all this Ramabai wishes to put the women in the way of helping themselves. She believes that work can be begun most effectively among the high caste women—that is, among the women of the class which already educates its men. Her plan is carefully thought out and defined. As soon as she has money enough to make a safe beginning she will return to India, taking one or two American women as assistant teachers, and in the most cultured portion of the country open a woman's school. Her pupils are to be educated with the ultimate object of going out as teachers for the women in their homes. The wives, of course, are not available; but the widows—especially the “child-widows,” who are just of the educating age—have nothing to bind them to their homes, everything to force them away; and of these high caste widows alone there are 600,000 in India. In view of their miserable life and its utter hopelessness, the Pundita has ground for believing that they would gladly avail themselves of this avenue of relief and substitution.

The school is to give at least the ground-work of a thorough modern Christian education, teaching especially science and the English language and literature. Although it is to be entirely secular in the subjects taught, the Bible will be placed in the hands of the pupils, and they will be encouraged in every way to give it their private study and attention. By this means, by familiarizing them with Christian literature, and by the constant influence of the Christian lives of their teachers, it is hoped to win them from their perverted and inadequate religion to a practical Christianity. While no formal religious instruction will be undertaken, the tone of the school will be distinctly Christian, and the Christian principles upon which modern civilization rests will pervade its teaching.

As to the obstacles in the way of this work, there are doubtless many. In the beginning, at least, little co-operation can be expected from the Hindus themselves, for in the main they have not yet awakened to the need of the work. Little can be expected from the resident English. Ramabai hopes, however, that when once started the school will attract a good number of the unfortunate widows, and that, sooner or later, some among the educated men—a few of whom are already beginning to recognize the need of woman's education—may see its value and give it their aid and patronage.

In regard to her fitness to carry out this plan, no one who has seen the Pundita can doubt that her cool common sense, her practical methods, together with her knowledge of her people, her education, her devoted Christianity, and above all her quiet firmness of purpose, would make probable the success of schemes more doubtful than this. In support of

her project, she says: “There is no better way—as far as my knowledge of my own people goes—of introducing the kingdom of God and the gospel of our Savior in India, than by approaching the philosophical Hindu mind in a rational and practical way.”

The school can not be self-supporting for some years. As women can hold no property, the pupils will be without money, and must be fed and clothed as well as educated; but Ramabai believes that ten years will either establish it on a self-supporting basis or indicate it as a failure, and she asks for help for that time only. Besides support and accommodation for pupils, teachers must be paid, books and apparatus bought, and various other expenses met; and the Pundita has estimated that there will be needed \$7,000 dollars a year for the ten years.

A few weeks ago, at the invitation of the young women of the Cornell University, the Pundita Ramabai came to Ithaca to speak regarding her work and plans for elevating Hindu women. Four meetings were held, and so great was the interest and enthusiasm aroused, that steps were at once taken toward the formation of a permanent organization to assist in her work. The result was the establishment of the “Ramabai Circle for the Elevation of Woman in India.” The officers of the circle are a president, Miss Tupper; a secretary, Miss Cutting; a treasurer, Miss Edwards; and an advisory council consisting of Professors Oliver, H. S. Williams, and Jones. The pledge of payment of one dollar a year for ten years admits to membership. Communication with Ramabai is to be kept up, and meetings are to be called at the discretion of the president. The object is to furnish money for Ramabai's school, and it has been suggested that the circle endeavor to support one of the American teachers whom Ramabai desires to take with her to India. Already about thirty professors and fifty students have become members of the circle, and the sums pledged per year range from one to twenty dollars.

We would refer any who desire further details to a work* recently published by Ramabai, at the request of her American friends, in which, to use her own words, she has tried, as clearly as she could, “to give a correct idea of the high caste woman's life, her social and religious rights, her needs, and how we can meet them.”

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, June 4, 1887.

The Three Stone Steps.

Dante, the great poet, was seeking a way up the mountain of Purgatory. Although Purgatory is described as a steep mountain, the poet intended its highest meaning to be to us the willing bearing of the pains and trials found along the rugged ways of life. Thus the soul becomes cleansed from sin. It is so natural to be impatient with our troubles. But Dante saw, as wise men all see, that the true course is to desire that frame of mind to turn these into good. The famous Latin poet, Virgil, was his guide. Yet sometimes he was obliged to turn to others for advice when the way became devious. Such was the case now. Since reaching the foot of the mountain they had looked in vain for the path to the summit, which signifies that it is not easy to learn how to bear ourselves in the various struggles of life. They had, in fact, wandered the whole day long, and the evening was now at hand. What made their position more difficult was, one they met told them that they were now liable to be attacked by a great serpent. “Yet keep on,” said their informer, “until you reach the green dell hollowed out in the mountain side, where a company of people are resting, and two angels will protect you there.”

The poets came to the dell. It was clothed in the most vivid green, and embellished with flowers of hues more beautiful than any Dante had seen on earth. The company were singing. Dante saw that they were kings, emperors, and others of authority, who had, on account of their many duties, put off till the last moment the day of repentance. Here they still lingered. So hard is it to overcome habits of procrasti-

nation! Suddenly some one cried, "The serpent!" In great terror Dante drew close to his guide. The horrid reptile came gliding through the grass and flowers, sometimes turning back its head and sleeking itself after the way of beasts. But even before it was seen, two beautiful angels had hovered downward, and now they moved protectingly near—one on each side of the dell. They were clad in green, their green wings being like gauze, and each bore a flaming sword.

At sight of their glittering weapons the serpent retreated. And now, as there was no further danger, the angels took their flight back toward heaven. By the serpent Dante meant the fear which glides into our hearts when all is uncertain before us; by the angels, he meant hope that springs up ever fresh and green. Hope will put fear to rout.

Dante's mood grew calmer, and he fell asleep. Because he had so patiently sought the way, and was so eager to be freed from his sins, help was to be given him. Another angel appeared, and gently bore him to a place not far from the true entrance to Purgatory. How surprised he was when awakening! Virgil bade him be of good cheer. "We are sure now of ascending the mountain," he said. Dante looked about him and saw what seemed a gallery of rock. But near by was a gate, with three stone steps leading to it. On the topmost step rested the feet of an angel, who sat on the threshold of the gate. Dante tried to fix his eyes upon him, but could not for the brightness.

"Whence come you?" asked the warder. "This man was brought here by a messenger from heaven," answered Virgil. "He may enter, then, if he is able to cross these steps." Dante hastened to examine them. The lowest was pure and polished white marble. The second was like dark rock that had long been burnt in the furnace, being cracked through its length and its breadth. The third was deep red, like blood—a glowing porphyry. He saw the meaning. Would he be able to cross them? First, did his mind clearly mirror forth to him his sin, with none of it concealed, as the white marble indicated? Next, was his repentance so sincere his heart was broken at thought of his guilt, bearing the sign of the cross, like the second stone? And, last, was he willing to give his life in the eager strife for purification, as the flaming, blood-red stone suggested?

Dante felt that he could answer, "Yes!" In humbleness, yet with great gratitude, he ascended the steps without faltering, and the heavenly porter "pushed open the sacred door."

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Miss Curtis: A Sketch. By Kate Gannett Wells. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, pp. 271. \$1.25.

There is excellent discipline in reading such a book as "Miss Curtis." To those who happily have learned to enjoy life with undisguised adaptation to its disciplinary predominance, the volume offers rare opportunities. There is for them an exhilaration in the exercise of sustaining mental balance under difficulties. This book supplies such difficulties to a lavish degree, the ruling one being its subtlety, which really comprises them all. To one who is impervious to discipline—and we have known one or two such—who laughs, cries, is horrified, amused, exalted or scandalized in rapid succession by passing events, either in or out of a book, without a troublesome sense of personal responsibility as to the application of those emotions or their causes, this story is very beguiling;—especially if that one be living a life closely embedded in "social" intricacies. To the plain-going reader, who does not like to be perplexed, we do not recommend it.

The perspective of the narrative is an interesting feature. The whole spirit of it, as relating to the human undercurrent of life, is pathetically, "so near and yet so far," that it is filled with the odor of incessant tragedy from beginning to end; as there is no "plot" to the story, the cause of this tragedy is sufficiently invisible to resemble the dim, vanishing point of sight in a sharply perspective etching. One wonders whether the author intended to convey tragedy or comedy in

high life, or to be thoroughly realistic, which is as much as to say that each of these phases is artistically evidenced.

The remote and impersonally personal attitude of each of the specimen characters and their principles of action, throw the whole scene into a certain Japanese relief which is very striking. We might say the book is intensely modern, and stop just there, except that it would leave the less subtle, but mutually intense half of life in the modern, entirely unrepresented. It might have been called a fairy story outright, or a goblin nightmare, and have done with it. But it isn't. It is called a Sketch, and is aërated character study. There is a quaint, antique air with its modernness, which is peculiarly contradictory. That is sometimes one of the subtleties of highly frictionized society, where church and parish life and religious elements run through it all.

It begins with two children, who are not children, but offerings upon an altar of "character," "principle," and social demand. Their experiences in the first of the story are the most strongly marked features in the book. No such childish maladies as measles or mumps appear; but the little girl, while passing out of her childhood, and not yet a young lady, charges herself, in her journal, "in imitation of mock philosophy" with *being* something far more difficult to deal with—"a potentiality and a conscious personality." The mature decision and prompt action of the brother and sister are startling products of their surroundings and of the inculcated self-suppression of a minister's family. Miss Curtis, who figures as an eccentric benefactress, begins by being an ogress, is gradually warmed by the genuine spirit of the young girl, and ends by revealing to her at the last the undeveloped possibilities for tenderness that have lain hidden and encrusted all her life. Many points that we would like to speak of, we must pass over for want of space. The sketch is like an etching, because all that which is *not* there stands out in bold relief from the scarcity and sharpness of the outline which holds it together.

E. T. L.

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard. Thomas Gray. Illustrations by Birket Foster.

Ring Out, Wild Bells. Alfred Tennyson. Illustrations from Miss L. B. Humphrey.

That Glorious Song of Old. Edmund H. Sears. Illustrated by Alfred Frederias.

It was the Calm and Silent Night. Alfred Dornet. Illustrated.

Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud? William Knox. Designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey.

The Breaking Waves Dashed High. Felicia Hemans. Designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Lee & Shepard: Boston. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Price of the above, 50 cents each.

Dainty little holiday books are all these, and beautifully illustrated. The poems have long since become a part of ourselves, and we love to see them again and again given to the world in new and attractive garb.

Faith's Festivals. By Mary Lakeman. Lee & Shepard: Boston. A. C. McClurg, Chicago. Pp. 65. \$1.00.

The story of a life beautifully told in four Christmas and one Easter occasion. A valuable addition to child literature.

THE HOME.

Christmas.

Swing in your steeples, swing,
O Christmas bells!
With melody ascending,
Your music swells;
While little children sing
Their happy voices blending.

This day, long years ago,
A life began,
And grew in heavenly beauty—
A son of man.
Men learned of him to know
The holiness of duty.

O dreaming soul, awake
From visions dim,
To find a joy unswerving,
Through following him!
In healing hearts that ache,
In lowly, faithful serving.

ANNA M. PRATT.

How Blossom and Royal Prolonged Christmas.

Christmas was almost there. Papa had been off on a long jaunt, and wrote that he would reach grandpa's Christmas eve and wanted wife and babies to meet him there. But mamma's arm had been "all bokted up" and was weak, stiff and painful; the roads were "all bokted up," too, and anything but inviting to hospital and nursery traveling, besides mamma had on her hands a minister who was "all bokted up," also, having resigned his pulpit, withdrawn from one denomination, and had come asking fellowship in another. Bessie had gone home for a regular Norwegian festival. The rain outside, the depressed guest inside, the maimed mamma, the absent papa did not seem to promise a very brilliant Christmas for Blossom and Royal, but they were a cheertful, loving little couple, full of "faith, hope and charity."

In the sitting-room hung a small wood-cut, called "Homeless." The forlorn, ragged little waif was a living reality to them, and they often tried to comfort him, especially as the holidays drew near, telling him daily that if he would only "tome Twistmas we'll 'vide our tandy wis you." The day before Christmas a lady called, saying that she was trying to get a bit of Christmas for two children near, whose father was a worthless man and the mother ill. The six-year-old girl carried milk to customers and had no mittens. The little boy was still younger. Mamma had just finished a pair of such pretty blue seamed mittens. Blossom had watched their slow growth with great interest, for mamma could only knit a few minutes at a time with her lame hand. They were done now, tassels and all, ready for wear.

The little couple had listened attentively to the story. Homeless had come sure enough, and brought his sister with him. Mamma gave the children the candy she had bought for their Christmas, telling them that they could do as they pleased with it—give it or keep it until to-morrow, but that she could not go out for any more. Roy took the candy, looked it carefully over, sighed, meditated awhile, looked at Homeless, who seemed more utterly forlorn than ever, and probably thought, "I only promised to *divide*;" then at Blossom, who said slowly—

"'Es dive it to 'em."

Carrying it heroically to Mrs. K., he said tenderly: "I'se dot a dood papa, an' my mamma isn't in bed."

Blossom held the pretty mittens in her hands and looked at them, then at Homeless. These mittens had grown stitch by stitch, and there had been knit into them so many day-dreams, they matched her new blue plaid cloak, and papa hadn't seen them either, and it would take mamma oh! so long to knit another pair. She thought it all over, for mamma had said, "They are yours, dear, but remember how long it will be before you get others." She turned pleading eyes on Homeless, but there he sat as fixed in his woe as the weeping Niobe. Then she thought aloud (a habit of hers—)

"Her monner is sick. S'e has to tarry milk in 'e told, an' s'e's dot no mittens."

Thrusting them behind her, she backed up to Mrs. K., saying: "Tate 'em, tate 'em to 'e 'ittle dirl," and she ran into mamma's room and closed the door.

The little ones went to bed that night with their heads so full of the surprise in store for Homeless and his sister that they forgot all about their own stockings. In the evening a gentleman called with a package, saying: "Mrs. K. told me about the candy and mittens. This is for the children, and not for missionary purposes, remember."

Next morning Roy awoke, saying in surprise: "O-o-h! Blossom!! We fordot our tockin's nast night."

But the wise Blossom replied seriously: "Nezer min'. Papa dinka det home an' mamma touldn't do out, an' Bessie's done, so I duess it's no matter."

At breakfast mamma handed them the package the gentleman brought the night before, saying: "Mr. F. left this for you two, last evening." It proved a box of Gunther's choicest candies. Oh, how lovely! How came he to think of it? How good he was; and in the fullness of their gratitude, Roy exclaimed—

"Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! We'll det him a whole ballel of tatterpillers next summer."

"'Es," added Blossom, "an' toads, an' dear 'ittle snakes."

"An' tatoe buds an' gwasshoppers," chimed in Roy. "Oh, aint you dlad 'e ozer chil'ns has dot 'e ozer tandy, taus now we'se all dot tandy," he added.

"An' 'e ozer 'ittle dirl's dlad s'es dot sut nice mittens to teep her finders warm," said generous Blossom, as she looked out of the window and saw the air full of flurryng snowflakes.

Soon the expressman came with the Christmas box from grandma and the aunties. Then the "ohs" and the "ahs," and the dancing of feet and the clapping of hands—all the more intense because the little hearts had expanded, purified and refined under the influence of their self-forgetting. There was no reproach to them now in the attitude of Homeless. Had they not warmed him with mittens and comforted him with candy? Suddenly into their joy came a new thought. Couldn't they have another Christmas when papa came home? Taking out a few caramels to celebrate this Christmas, they put the candy and Christmas box away. The next five days were spent in devising all sorts of surprises; rehearsals were held, and no end of suggestions advanced.

New Year's Eve the kindergarten teacher must be invited, and "the stranger within their gates" was there still; papa had just returned, and after tea all were seated around the bright fire in the back parlor when Mamma and Roy quietly disappeared. Mamma returned soon, and Blossom looked very conscious and mirthful. Papa asked, "Where is Roy?" The answer was a bugle-blast on the other side of the sliding doors. "Oh! Papa! It's Santataus! Open 'e door twick!" cried Blossom, clapping her hands. Papa threw the doors apart, exclaiming: "No. It's Kris Kringle, our Christ child."

There in a sleigh, covered with a robe of fluffy white cotton, with a little red cap surmounting his crown of golden curls, eyes as blue as the heavens on a bright June day, and cheeks whose flush rivaled that sea-sheH tint that ever mocks the artist's brush, surrounded by his gifts of sympathy and love sat Roy, a living emblem of "Peace on earth and good will to men." Blossom immediately became his little almoner, distributing the gifts with a suspiciously wise knowing who they were for. Every one was remembered more than once, and last of all came the box of Gunther's best for general distribution.

But lo! papa had disappeared, and just as little Kris Kringle thought he was through, a live Santa Claus, looking so like papa, slipped up behind and filled the sleigh in the rear. Again there was something for all, and another box of candy "for Blossom and Roy." This was unlooked for. "How did papa know we were doin' to have a Twistmas to-night?" He didn't, but he meant they should, and had come prepared accordingly. Such an exuberance of joy, in the midst of which Blossom suddenly caught a look in the minister's face that arrested her mirth.

"I wis' you' chil'ns was here," she said. "You'll has a Twistmas wis 'em when you det home, won't you?"

"I hope so," he replied sadly.

Then there was a little whispered conference in the corner, and she returned with the full candy box, saying: "Tate 'is wis you to he'p mate it." And these little messengers of love sowed the seed of still another Christmas, and increased and prolonged the joy and good-will on earth.

Is not the miracle of the widow's cruse of oil an ever-recurring event, where hearts are warm and generous?"

S. C. LL. J.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

The Pacific Coast Unitarian Conference met November 20-23, at Oakland, Cal., and was the largest and most successful session yet held. The presence of Rev. Grindall Reynolds, secretary of the A. U. A., and his companion in apostolic journeying, Mr. S. A. Eliot, of the Cambridge Divinity School, added greatly to the enjoyment and profit of the occasion. Mr. Reynolds has visited every church and mission of our faith on the coast, and speaks with great hopefulness of the outlook. The essays were by Rev. B. F. McDaniel, on the "Growth and Permanence of the Religious Sentiment"—a fine, thoughtful utterance; "Our Unitarian Need," by Mr. Massey, of Sacramento, who thinks us lacking in zeal; "Books and Morals," a fresh treatment of a hackneyed theme, by A. W. Jackson, and soon to appear in a magazine; Horace Davis' excellent paper on "Christianity in Japan," since published in the *Unitarian Review*, followed by Missionary Knapp's catholic enunciation of the principles and methods which are to guide him in his novel and important work in that country; Dr. Stebbins' admirable address on "The Future of the California Society," which the daily press printed in full; and the essay which produced the profoundest impression of all—Thomas Eliot's "Divorce and Divorce Laws." The latter will shortly appear as a tract in the conference series. It is a strong utterance from a wise and good man.

Here, surely, was variety and interest enough! The platform meeting on "The Outlook for Liberal Religion" was addressed by Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Greer of Tacoma, Mr. Goodenough, the Oakland Universalist pastor, and a liberal Jewish rabbi, who made the best speech of them all. The Sunday-school and auxiliary meetings were not given time enough, but this will be remedied at the next session. Strong temperance resolutions were passed and testimonies concerning the public school system and the gambling habit. The attendance during the day was from 50 to 150, and evenings from 200 to 500. An excursion was made to the California state university, at Berkeley, five miles from Oakland. A crowded sociable with pleasant addresses concluded the session. The report of the secretary, Rev. C. W. Wendte, was optimistic. He said in his report that publication work had been undertaken in a modest way, and various leaflets and tracts issued. The women's auxiliary societies had distributed thousands of printed documents through the mails, and conducted a missionary correspondence with sympathizers all over the coast. The conference had made its first concerted effort to raise money for domestic missions during the past year, and some

\$350 was sent to Tacoma—a small showing, but at least a beginning. To the Unitarian Association \$463.40 had been given by the churches of the conference, while the former had expended upon this coast \$5,782.85. The amount of this missionary aid needed would, however, be much reduced during the coming year. A young Japanese, he said, was about to enter a Unitarian Theological seminary at Meadville, Pa. The report next spoke of hopeful and thriving movements at Oakland, Spokane Falls and at Sacramento, and of projected societies at San José, Pomona and other places.

In March last Mr. Wendte visited southern California, and very cheering accounts were given of the Unitarian churches in those parts. In the view of the secretary, there is not a town of 5,000 inhabitants in any part of California where a Unitarian church could not be successfully started.

The relations between Unitarians and Universalists were discussed in a broad and genial way. The great difficulty, the secretary said, was the scarcity of able ministers and preachers, the Unitarians being particularly fastidious in this respect. It was hoped to start a Sunday-school and church service in Alameda in the near future. Santa Cruz, Napa, Stockton, Reno and Fresno were available points for liberal societies. The Starr King Monument fund was commended to the churches. Every Unitarian society on the coast was now conducted on the free seat plan.

In June last Mr. Wendte went north and visited Salem, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane Falls, Helena, and other places, in most of which Unitarian societies exist. He had traveled 4,500 miles, made 200 visits, written 1,200 or more letters, in addition to his work in Oakland. The visits of John Fiske, A. M. Knapp, Robert Collyer and Mr. Reynolds were pleasantly referred to. But the best results of the year were spiritual, and not to be set down in statistics.

The treasurer, Mr. C. A. Murdock, showed that the conference receipts had been \$689.07, of which \$365 had been contributed for Tacoma. It was resolved to raise \$750 for the A. U. A. the coming year among the churches, the amount to be apportioned, also, to raise an equal amount for home mission work. Every society, save one, was represented at the meetings, and the spirit throughout was hearty and unanimous.

DELEGATE.

Boston.—The demand for admission tickets to our Globe Theater on a recent Sunday evening, to hear the sermon of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, was very great. The house was crowded. A large part of the attendants were non-churchgoers. Whether now visible or invisible, the results of such people's meetings are certainly great.

—Rev. C. F. Dole's lessons at Channing Hall, on Thursday afternoons, before Sunday-school teachers and others, are well attended. They are highly instructive to young and old. In January the course of lessons by Rev. Francis Tiffany, on "Ethics," is expected to be widely popular.

—Rev. Henry G. Spaulding, our Sunday-school secretary, though in the midst of his winter's work of editing newspaper, festival services of song, and new Sunday-school manuals, and filling his leisure time in attending local conferences and teachers' unions, has accepted the invitation to join in the institute meeting of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs. Rev. J. L. Jones will be the guest speaker, and Rev. A. J. Rich the mainspring of the movement. Rev. C. F. Dole and W. H. Lyon and other clergymen will assist in making the bureau appreciated.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, Dec. 25, services at 11 A. M. Study section of the Fraternity, Jan. 6; subject: American Art.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, Dec. 25, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laffin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, Dec. 25, services at 10:45 A. M. Rev. J. R. Effinger will preach; subject: "What Are We Living for?"

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, Dec. 25, services at 11 A. M., the annual Christmas festival joining with the congregation. No evening service. There will be no Unity Club work next week. Christmas festivities Wednesday, Dec. 28, from 4 to 7:30 P. M. Teachers' Meeting, Friday, 7:30; Choral Club, 8:30.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, Dec. 25, services at 10:45 A. M.

UNITYS WANTED.—Two copies of the UNITY of Nov. 26, 1887, are greatly desired, and whoever has a spare number of that date will greatly oblige us by sending to this office.

LITERARY SCHOOL.

Ten lectures on Dante will be given in the lecture hall of the Art Institute, corner Van Buren street and Michigan avenue, during the holidays, 1887, by Dr. W. T. Harris, of Concord, Mass.; Prof. Thomas Davidson, of Orange, N. J.; Prof. L. F. Soldan, of St. Louis; Miss M. E. Beedy, of Chicago; and Mr. D. J. Snider, of Chicago. The following is the programme (subject to some changes in the titles and times of lectures). These will begin, evenings at 8 o'clock; mornings, at 11 o'clock:

Monday evening, December 26, by Mr. D. J. Snider, "Dante's Place in the World's Literature;" Tuesday morning, December 27, by Dr. W. T. Harris, "Dante's Inferno;" Tuesday evening, December 27, by Prof. Thomas Davidson, "The Teachers of Dante;" Wednesday morning, December 28, by Miss M. E. Beedy, "The Symbols of Punishment in Dante's Inferno;" Wednesday evening, December 28, by Dr. W. T. Harris, "The Mythology of Dante;" Thursday morning, December 29, by Prof. Thomas Davidson, "Virgil and Beatrice as Guides;" Thursday evening, December 29, Prof. Louis F. Soldan, "Friday morning, December 30, by Dr. W. T. Harris, "The Purgatorio and the Paradiso;" Friday evening, December 30, by Prof. Thomas Davidson, "The Vision of God—Interpretation of the Last Canto of Paradiso;" Saturday morning, December 31, by Mr. D. J. Snider, "Discipline of the Purgatorio."

Tickets for full course of ten lectures, \$5.00; tickets for half-course of five lectures (mornings or evenings), \$2.50; one admission, 75c.

Tickets to be had at A. C. McClurg & Co.'s or at S. A. Maxwell & Co.'s book stores. For information address D. J. Snider, Director of the School, Palmer House, Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

All books sent for notice by publishers will be promptly acknowledged under this heading. Further notice must be conditional on the state of our columns and the interests of our readers. Any books in print will be mailed on receipt of price by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 176 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Miss Curtis. By Kate Gannett Wells. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Cloth, pp. 271. Price.....\$1.25
Monism and Melliorism; a Philosophical Essay on Causality and Ethics. By Paul Carus. New York: F. W. Christern. Paper, pp. 83. Price.....75
Science Sketches. By David Starr Jordan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 276. Price.....1 50
Higher Ground. By Augustus Jacobson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 251. Price.....1 00

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Columbia Bicycle Calendar for 1888. Issued by the Pope Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass. Pad of 366 leaves. Letters to Elder Daughters, Married and Unmarried. By Helen Ekin Starrett. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Pp. 153. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper.....50
Lotus and Jewel. By Edwin Arnold, C. S. I. Boston: Roberts Bros. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Cloth, pp. 263. Price.....\$1.00
The Little Flowers of Saint Francis. Translated from the Italian by Abby Langdon Alger. Boston: Roberts Bros. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Cloth, pp. 228. Price.....\$1.00
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Talks to Young men. By Robert Collyer. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 233. Price.....\$1.25

The Fortunes of the Faradays. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 407. Price.....\$1.50

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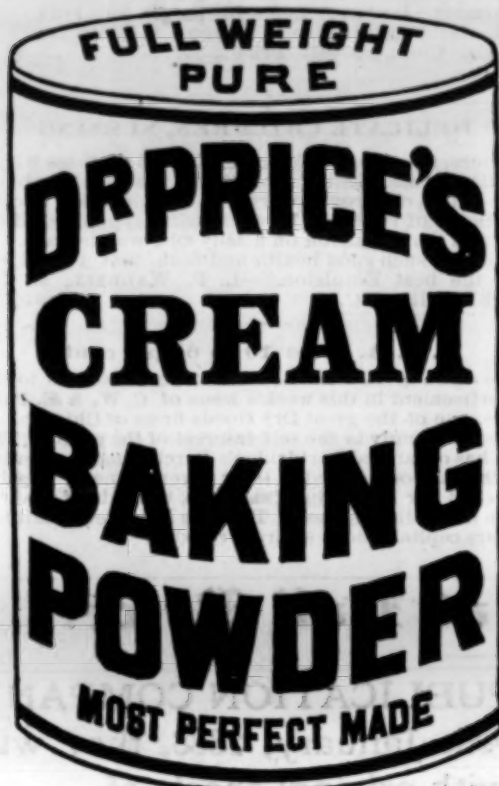
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